

Nurse and Spy

The Adventures of a Woman in Hospitals, Camps and Battlefields.

BY S. EMMA E. EDMONDS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The author, a native of New Brunswick, but inspired by love of the Union, at the outbreak of the civil war goes to Washington, engages as nurse to the soldiers, and later performs valuable secret work for the Government.

CHAPTER X.

A VICIOUS HORSE—IN A BAD FLIGHT. AIDING THE WOUNDED—THE FAIR OAKS HOSPITAL—MCCLELLAN'S MOVEMENTS.

Gen. H—, who had made himself conspicuous by his gallant conduct, was struck by a ball, which shattered his arm badly. He was only a few rods from me, and there was none near to help him. I asked Gen. K— if I might go to him. After obtaining permission I rode up to him, leaped from my horse, and hitched him near by.

I then removed the clothing from his arm, gave him some water, poured some on the wound, and went to my saddle-bags to get some bandages, when my rebel pony laid hold of my arm with his teeth and almost tore the flesh from the bone. Not content with that, he turned his head in an instant and kicked with both feet, sending me about a rod.

My arm was now almost as bad as Gen. H—'s, and I could do but little to help him, for in 10 minutes it was swollen terribly, and I could not raise it to my head. Finally I was ordered back to an old saw-mill about a mile and a half from the field, where were considerable quantities of Quartermaster and Commissary stores, with orders to have them removed further to the rear, and all who were able to come to the front, together with the Surgeon and a portion of the Hospital Corps, who had been left there in charge of the sick, were to duty on the field.

Upon arriving at the old saw-mill I found it crowded with wounded men who had crawled there from the battlefield, so to have their wounds dressed, if possible, and if not, to lie down and suffer where the shot and shell could not reach them. I delivered my orders, and in a few moments there was not a soul left to hinder to those poor fellows who were hustled together in that mill by the score; all had gone to the front, and I was left there in a sad plight.

IN THE OLD MILL.

I put my vicious little "Reb" in a building near the mill, where there was plenty of hay and corn, but did not dare to unsaddle him. I then examined the wound of the injury, and found it was worse than I had supposed. It was badly mangled by the horse's teeth, and in one place a large piece of flesh torn from the arm and hung by small shreds. But the arm was not the worst; he had kicked me in the side, which had lamed and bruised me badly.

Yet this was no reason to groan over a slight kick from a horse, when so many lay around me with shattered limbs and ghastly saber wounds, and of these even now in the very agonies of death. So, resolutely saying to pain and lameness, "Stay thou here while I go yonder," I bound up my arm in a moment, and set about removing the blood-clotted clothing from the wounds of those who needed it most; but having neither knife nor scissors, I was obliged, in many places, to use my teeth, in order to tear the thick woolen garments, stiffened and saturated with blood, the very remembrance of which now makes me feel rather than glad. However, there were two houses within a mile, and I decided to try my fortune in that direction.

WAITING ON THE WOUNDED.

First of all I went among the sick, who were left there by the Surgeon, and inquired if there were any who were able to assist me in dressing wounds. Yes, I found two; one a little mail-carrier, and the other a Commissary-Sergeant, both of whom were scarcely able to stand. These two I set to work pouring cold water upon the wounded limbs occasionally, and giving the men water to drink, until I returned.

At the first house I went to they would not let me in at all, but raised the window and wished to know what was wanted. I told them anything that would assist me in tearing up for bandages. No, they had nothing of the kind, and closed the window again.

I limped along to the next house. A man came to the door, holding it, to prevent my attempting to get in. The same question was asked, and a similar answer returned. By this time my patience and strength were both exhausted, and my mind was made up with regard to the course I should pursue.

Therefore, drawing both my pistols from my belt, I demanded some cotton, new or old—sheets, pillow-cases, or any other article which would answer the purpose for bandages. The man trembled from head to foot, and called his wife to know if she could let me have anything of the sort; yes, she could, if I would pay her for it; and, of course, I was willing to pay her; so she brought me an old sheet, a pair of pillow-cases, and three yards of new factory cotton cloth, for which she demanded \$5. Happening to have only \$3 in change, I told her I thought that would be sufficient; and so saying, I left immediately.

I did not know, until I had proceeded some distance, that the blood was running from my arm in a perfect stream. In my excitement and determination I had grasped one of my pistols with the lame hand and started those terrible gashes bleeding afresh. I grew faint and dizzy, and sat down by the roadside to gather a little strength before proceeding further.

While I sat there I saw a horseman coming in the distance, and did not tell whether it was friend or foe, for it was growing dark. I waited until he came nearer, when I was rejoiced to see that it was a Chaplain; not Mr. B—, but, of course, he was a good man, being a Chaplain and a Federal. So I felt that relief was at hand. But imagine my disappointment and chagrin when he came up and, priest-like, looked upon me, "and passed by on the other side."

Well, after all, I did not care so much for myself, but I thanked heaven that he had come, on the poor men's account, for he would, no doubt, do much during the night to relieve their sufferings.

Taking courage, I made my way slowly toward the mill, where I found, on my arrival, the Chaplain, dismounted, coat off, and wisp in hand, rubbing and brushing every speck of mud from his horse. After performing this important duty, he then went to the nearest house, ordered supper, and partaking of a warm meal, returned to the mill.

Oh, how glad I was that all these preliminaries were gone through with, for now he would at once enter upon the cure of the wounded, and my heart ached for those two sick boys, who were still attending to the building where I had seen him put his horse to see if he had really gone away.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

The wounded were coming in faster than ever, and I was busy tearing up the cotton in strips, and trying to bind up some of the poor mangled limbs, the little sick Sergeant being my right-hand man. I looked around for the Chaplain, but he was nowhere to be seen. I hobbled out to the building where I had seen him put his horse to see if he had really gone away.

My doubts were gradually removed, and my faith in Christians re-established; but I never sufficiently recovered from my feelings of disgust towards that particular Chaplain to ever again be able to persuade myself to listen to a sermon delivered by him, or to attend any religious meeting at which he presided.

I always looked upon him afterwards as "one who had stolen the liver of heaven to serve the devil in," a mere whitened sepulcher, and unworthy the sacred name of a minister of the Gospel.

RENEWAL OF THE BATTLE.

Night brought a cessation of hostilities to the weary troops, but to neither side a decided victory or defeat. Both armies bivouacked on the bloody field, within a few rods of each other. There they lay waiting for the morning light to decide the contest.

The excitement and din of battle had ceased; those brief hours of darkness proved a sweet respite from the fierce struggle of the day, and in the holy calm of that midnight hour, when silence brooded over the blood-washed plain, many brave soldiers lay down on that gory field, and there to sleep and the wound to die.

Sunday, the 1st of June, dawned beautifully, a day of hallowed rest and promise to the millions who rose to their devotions ere the bell called them to the house of prayer; but not of rest to the weary, broken armies, the drum beat called from their wet and muddy beds to renew the contest.

At a quarter past 7 o'clock the battle again commenced, and raged fiercely un-

with the rebels, who were held at bay in front of their Capital. The final and decisive battle is at hand. Unless you believe your past history, the result cannot be for a moment doubtful. If the troops who labored so faithfully at Yorktown, and fought so bravely, and won the hard fights at Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover, and Fair Oaks, now prove themselves worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours. The events of every day prove your superiority; wherever you have met the enemy you have beaten him; wherever you have used the bayonet, he has given way in panic and disorder.

"I ask of you, now, one last crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet him, crush him here, in the very center of the rebellion. Soldiers, I will be with you in this battle, and share its dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is now founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and union to this distracted land. Upon your valor, discipline, and mutual confidence the result depends."

Every battle fought on the Peninsula fearfully reduced the strength of the Army of the Potomac, and proved to a demonstration that the enemy far outnumbered the Union forces. Still, there were no reinforcements, notwithstanding McClellan's daily urgent dispatches to the President and Secretary of War, and the great impending battle in front of the rebel Capital so near at hand.

The next day McClellan sent another dispatch, as follows: "Please inform me at once what reinforcements, if any, I can count upon having at Fortress Monroe or White House within the next three days, and when each regiment may be expected to arrive. It is of the utmost importance that I should know this immediately. The losses in the battle of the 31st and 1st will amount to 7,000. Regard this as confidential for the present. After the losses of our last battle I trust that I shall no longer be regarded as an alarmist. I believe we have at least one more desperate battle to fight."

MY BATTLE TROPHY.

The day after the battle of Fair Oaks a splendid sword was presented to me. It had been struck from the hand of a rebel Colonel while in the act of raising it to strike one of our officers after he had fallen from his horse. Oh, how proud I felt of that beautiful silver-mounted trophy from the bloody field of Fair Oaks, which had so recently been wielded by a powerful arm, but powerless now, for he lay in the agonies of death, while his splendid sword passed into my feeble hands. I presume if he had known this it would have added another pang to his already aching spirit.

The sword was presented by Gen. K—, to whom I gave my rebel pony, with the comforting assurance that he was only intended for ornament, and not for use; for Generals were too scarce on the Peninsula to risk their precious lives by coming in contact with him.

REB'S PERFORMANCES.

The General was delighted with him, and, without paying the slightest attention to my suggestion, deliberately put him up to the pony and commenced patting him and handling his limbs as if he were the most quiet creature in the world, while "Reb" stood eyeing his new master with apparent satisfaction, and seemed to rejoice that he had passed from my insignificant hands, and was henceforth to be the honored bearer of shoulder-straps.

After thoroughly examining him, he said: "He is certainly a splendid horse, and worth \$300 of any man's money; all he requires is kind treatment, and he will be as gentle as anyone could desire."

But "Reb" very soon gave him to understand decidedly that he was not of his good qualities, for no sooner had the General turned his back toward him than he struck him with the shoulders with both hind feet, sending him his full length upon the ground; and as soon as he attempted to rise he repeated the same performance until he had knocked him down four or five times in succession.

By that time the General was pretty thoroughly convinced that "Reb's" social qualities were somewhat deficient, his bump of combativeness largely developed, and his gymnastics quite impressive.

THE HOSPITAL TREE.

On the evening of the same day in which the victory was won I visited what was then and is still called the "Hospital Tree" near Fair Oaks. It was an immense tree, under whose shady, extended branches the wounded were gathered and laid down to await the stimulant, the opiate, or the amputating-knife, as the case might require.

The ground around that tree for several acres in extent was literally drenched with human blood, and the men were laid so close together that there was no such thing as passing between them; but each one was removed in his turn as the Surgeons could attend to them. I witnessed some of the most heart-rending sights it is possible for the human mind to conceive. Read what a Massachusetts Chaplain writes concerning it: "There is a large tree near the battle-ground of Fair Oaks, the top of which was used as an observatory during the fight, which stands as a memento of untold and perhaps never-to-be-told suffering and sorrow. Many of the wounded and dying were laid beneath its branches after the battle, in order to receive Surgical help, or to breathe their last more quietly."

"What heart-rending scenes did I witness in that place, so full of saddened memories to me and to others. Brave, uncomplaining men were brought thither out of the woodland, the crimson tide of whose life was ebbing away in the arms of those who carried them. Almost all who died met death like heroes, with scarcely a groan. Those wounded, but not mortally, were taken to the necessary proings and needed amputations! Two instances of this heroic fortitude deserve to be specially mentioned. One of them is that of William C. Boyle, of the 2d R. I., both of whose legs were broken by a bombshell, whose wrist and breast were mangled, and who yet was as calm as if he suffered no pain. He refused any opiate or stimulant that might dim his consciousness. He asked only that we should pray for him, that he might be patient and submissive, and dictated a letter to be sent to his mother. Then, and not till then, opiates were given him, and he fell gently asleep, and died in half an hour."

"The other case was that of Francis Sweetzer, of Co. E of the 16th Mass., who witnessed in death, as he had uniformly done in life, a good confession of Christ. 'Thank God,' he said, 'that I am permitted to die for my country. Thank God, more yet, that I am prepared to die.' And then, after a moment's thought, he modestly added: 'At least, I hope I am.' When he died he was in the act of prayer. Who that has witnessed such tri-umphal deaths on the battlefield will presume to doubt that the spirit of that patriot who falls amid the terrible clash of arms and the fierce surge of battle is prepared to go from that scene of blood and strife, and to enter into that rest that God has prepared for them that love Him? Yes, the noble men who have gone from under the sheltering wings of the different evangelical churches throughout the land, have gone in the strength of God, and with the full assurance that if they should fall fighting for the God-given rights of humanity, there, amid the shock of battle, the still, small voice of Jesus would be heard speaking peace to the departing soul, and that their triumphant spirits would go home rejoicing to be forever with the Lord!"

Good Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, soon after the outbreak of the great rebellion, delivered a sermon on the National crisis, at Chicago. It is represented as one of the ablest efforts of this clergyman, so distinguished for his power in the pulpit. As it was one of the anniversaries of the denomination, thousands were present to hear the discourse. Suddenly, at one point in the sermon, and as the fitting close of a most impassioned paragraph, he gave utterance to the following noble sentiment: "We will take our glorious flag, the flag of our country, and nail it just below the cross—that is high enough. There let it wave as it waved of old. Around it let us gather: first Christ; then our country's."

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Stirring events of the fighting before Richmond and the change of base will be given in the next installment. The author's part in the episodes of that time was most interesting.

THE MAN WHO LIVED!

He should have been dead.

But he wasn't, because—

"There's nothing succeeds like success." That is a saying which has been handed down from the man who should be dead, but for a preserving medicine. That's about the way it seemed to strike Editor Lawrence, of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio. He was afflicted with one of those colds that have thousands of times over, culminated in consumption, when not promptly cured. In this condition he met a friend, a consumptive, whom he did not expect to see alive. The consumptive friend recommended Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the doctor's cold, on the ground that he had "helped him wonderfully." It helped the editor just as wonderfully, giving "almost instant relief." But read his letter:

"About two months ago, I was afflicted with a bad cold, and, meeting a friend, he advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which, he claimed, had helped him wonderfully. As he was a consumptive, whom I had not expected to see alive for several years, I concluded there must be merit in this preparation. I accordingly bought a couple of bottles, one of which I kept on my desk all the time. This is certainly the best remedy I have ever used, and it gives almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on possessing the remedy."

Keep a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral handy on the desk, in the office, on the shelf or in the closet at home, and you will have at hand a remedy that is capable at any time of saving you suffering, money, and even life. There is no malady so prolific of evil results as a neglected cold. There is no medicine so promptly effective in curing a cold and absolutely eradicating its effects, as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Every traveler should carry it. Every household should keep it. It cures every variety of cough, and all forms of lung and throat trouble. Asthma, bronchitis, croup, and whooping cough are promptly cured by it, and it has in many cases overcome pulmonary diseases in aggravated forms, when all other remedies failed to help and physicians gave no hope of cure. Those who for convenience have wanted a smaller sized bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, can now obtain it of their dealer in half size bottles, at half price—orders, Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, and read more of the cures effected by this remedy. The book contains one page, and is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

The True Story of the Old Citizen Hero, as Told by Gen. Callis.

Last Spring, Doc Aubrey, of Milwaukee, wrote to Gen. J. B. Callis, of Lancaster, Wis., who died recently, concerning John Burns of Gettysburg, and who he did during the first day's fighting—July 1, 1863. Gen. Callis, gallant old veteran that he was, and who was shot through the body on that day, responded. Both letters will be of interest. We give them:

Milwaukee, April 8. Dear General: In a conversation with an old friend, the late John Burns of the Gettysburg fight, and John Burns' name was mentioned. Now, my dear General, will you write me what you know of John Burns of Gettysburg? This old boy I speak of was not the D. I., as Gibbon said, but one of the Sixth Corps boys who claimed he fought with them. He died of his wounds at Gettysburg. We have left it to you to decide. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, yours truly, Doc Aubrey.

The Quorum Newsboy. 723 Van Buren street, Milwaukee.

Lancaster, April 14, 1898. Doc Aubrey.—My Dear Comrade: I received your note of inquiry some days ago, but the changeable weather of this Winter has so disturbed me that I have not been able to answer sooner, and now prevents my writing with pen and ink.

Old John Burns came to the 7th Wis. of the Iron Brigade, at Willoughby's Run, west of Gettysburg, on the 1st of July, 1863, after we, the Iron Brigade, had captured Gen. Archer's Brigade, in the first charge in the morning, about 10 o'clock.

The old man came up and asked me if that was my regiment. I answered "Yes." He had an old flintlock gun in his hands, and came to a present arms and said:

"Can I fight in your regiment?"

I replied: "Old man, you had better go to the rear; you may get hurt."

He replied thus: "Hurt! tut, tut. I've heard the whistle of bullets before."

I insisted on his going to the rear; he insisted on fighting. I then said: "Where is your cartridge-box?" He patted his pants pocket and said, "There is my bullets and here is my powder-horn," pulling an old-fashioned powder-horn from his blue swallow-tailed coat pocket, "and I know how to use them."

"Well, old man, if you will fight, take this gun," handing him a nice silver-mounted rifle that I had captured with some of Archer's men. I gave him the cartridge-belt, and he declined to wear the belt, but filled his pockets with ammunition. At this time nothing but skirmishing was going on in our front, and

he got restless, went toward the skirmish-line and to it, and fought nobly until I called the skirmishers in and made preparations to get out of that little end of a V, as we were flanked on the right and left. We fought our way out as best we



OLD JOHN BURNS.

could, and in this move John Burns was wounded three times, and I lost sight of him and was shot myself, and John Burns and I were left on the battlefield, badly wounded, where I lay 43 hours. Burns told me afterward his friends took him off home after the rebels had advanced over him and through the town. J. B. Callis.

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